

# SAILOR BOLD.

To which is added,

*The Recruiting Serjeant.*

*Wat ye wha I met yefireen.*



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## THE SAILOR BOLD.

THE Sailor bold is the best of hearts,  
That ever travel'd to foreign parts,  
He came to his love, to let her know,  
That he once more was obliged to go  
In the pursuit of honour still,  
And begg'd her not to take it ill.

He utter'd melting words like these,  
Altho I sail the ocean seas,  
I'll have you always in my mind,  
Nor will I ever be unkind:  
Nor shall I be while life remains,  
While blood is running in my veins.

On you I place my dearest love?  
And I do prize you far above  
All beauties in the world beside,  
And I'll make you my lawful bride?  
When I return from sea again,  
So do not in the least complain.

You have my heart let me have thine,  
United by the powers divine?  
So shall we never never fly  
The bounds of love and loyalty:  
From the solemn vows which we have made  
When love for love shal be repaid.

My former vows I will renew,  
If ever I shall prove untrue,  
Or offer in the least to take  
Another and my promise break?  
May I perish in the main?  
And never see your face again.

This is enough for a man to say,  
Who never did nor will betray  
Your innocence in any way :  
The rocks that in the ocean lie,  
Then sooner may themselves remove,  
Then I prove false to thee my love.

My dear I have before I go,  
Full twenty kisses to bestow ?  
Besides I have laid up in store  
Ten times as many millions more ?  
Which you shall certainly receive

At my return pray do not grieve,  
Altho I go on board this night,  
Yet nevertheless, my hearts delight,  
I would not have you for to grieve,  
But from my hand this ring receive  
In token I'll be just and true ?

And love none in the world but you

Perhaps there may be wonders wrought,  
And to our King great trophies brought ?  
These joyful tidings soon will spread,  
And laurels crown the royal head  
Of our most gracious King, and then  
We shall appear victorious men,

The joy and pride of Christendom,  
Will such renowned trophies bring :  
Then I must be among the brave,  
Come life, come, death I mean to have  
My lot, where honour seems to dwell,  
So now ten thousand times farewell.

When she had got the last salute,

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Altho so long she had been mute:  
She burst into a flood of tears?  
Crying alas! my blooming years  
Are blasted now with care and grief?  
I'm sure I can get no relief.

You tell me of your constancy,  
I do not question't no not I,  
But when we so far apart,  
I'll languish with a bleeding heart,  
No days of comfort can there be,  
When you are on the raging sea,  
When Boreas furly blasts do blow,  
And Neptunes waves rise to and fro,  
And thunder seem to burst the skies?  
And many dangers more likewise,  
Which threaten you upon the deep,  
Will often make mine eyes to weep.

But if you should escape those harms  
That fall in midst of various storms;  
Yet you may, in the battle fall,  
By dint of sword, or cannon ball,  
As many heretofore have done;  
And why should you such hazard run.

You talk of gaining honour great,  
But what if it should be your fate,  
To meet with broken shattered bones,  
When lying under grievous groans,  
Will honour cure your limbs again  
No, you must undergo the pain.

Consider this, my joy, my dear,  
No further go, cast anchor here,

And ride in this safe road at home ;  
And so we two shall never roam,  
But imitate the spotless dove,  
And bill and coo, and sport in love.

He laugh'd upon his love, and said,  
The laws of love must be obey'd  
By me as well as many more,  
When once this mighty work is o'er  
So wish us good success, I pray,  
For here at home I cannot stay.

'Tis not your talking of dangers great,  
Shall make me fear the frowns of fate ;  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
While I can stand or draw my breath,  
I will oppose the pride of France,  
Great Britains glory to advance.

Then she convoy'd him to the shore,  
And parted with some kisses more,  
When she saw her tears would not prevail  
The wind blew fair, they hoisted sail  
Which drove his vessel out of sight,  
And left her in a woeful plight.

But she's receiv'd from his hand  
A letter since he left the land,  
Which gives her satisfaction still,  
And does her days with comfort fill,  
Because she finds him just and true ;  
Such loyal lovers there are but few.

## THE RECRUITING SERJEANT.

**Y**OU sons of Mars, I pray draw near,  
and listen to a volunteer,  
And so become a brother dear,  
I mean a valiant soldier.

The farmers' sons you see they do  
leave their spade, and weary plow,  
And along with us they are to go,  
to fight the french culotes.

No more in frizes to be seen,  
but in the scarlet red or lovely green  
With broad steel swords, thats sharp and  
keen,

with drums and fyfes before you.

These youths like heroes void of fear,  
they are not troubled with wordly care,  
but fight for Britains glory.

You pretty maids thats lost your lads,  
I must confess your case is bad,  
But they will safe return again,  
when the french wars are over.

For the scottish lads have hearts of steel,  
unto their enemies will never yield;  
Like lions hold they take the field,  
and fight for Britains glory.

Heres a health to George our King,  
supply him with true hearted men,  
And grant that victory he may gain,  
o'er his insulting en'mies.

grant that victorious he may be,  
 o'er his insulting enemy,  
 let all true Scotsmen join with me,  
 and pray for Britains glory.

### WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN.

✓ **N**OW wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
 Coming down the street, my jo?  
 My mistress in her tartan screen,  
 How bonny, braw, and sweet my jo,  
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,  
 That never wish'd a lover ill,  
 Since you're out of your mither's sight;  
 Let's take a walk up to the hill.

O katy wiltu' gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinfome town awhile?  
 See blossoms sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile  
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
 The beating lambs, and whistling hind,  
 The ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,  
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear god-man of day,  
 Leads up his morning draught of dew,  
 I'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
 To gather flowers to busk ye're brow;  
 I'll pu' the daisies on the green,  
 Lucken gowans frae the bog;

Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my fathet's tow'r,  
A canny, soft, and flow'ry den,  
Where circling bircks have form'd the bow'r  
Where'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to the canler shades remove ;  
There I will lock thee in my arms,  
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

FINIS.